

TIMBER KING WALKER

MULTIMILLIONAIRE OF WHOM LITTLE IS KNOWN.

Could Become One of World's Richest Men by Forming Lumber Trust Which He Opposes—Proud of His Five Sons.

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I have no respect for men whose sole object is gain and control over other men for their own personal aggrandizement. Such a purpose in life is false, and contempt is its just due. I shall, if possible, make such an arrangement as will forever prevent the lands which I now own from passing into the control of those who might abuse them or the people who require their products."

This is the remarkable utterance of a man whose wealth is estimated at at least \$10,000,000, and who, though known to most of the nation, is not known to the nation. By the single stroke of his pen, Thomas Barlow Walker, who owns more timber land than any other man in the country, might stack his millions in equal numbers with those of John D. Rockefeller or Andrew Carnegie.

Like all men of vast wealth estimates of Mr. Walker's wealth vary. Some place it as high as \$100,000,000, but \$40,000,000 is a very conservative estimate.

In an interview at his home, in this city, the timber king discussed the great economic question of the day and explained his own position. Despite his enormous wealth he is little known outside of his immediate business and home circles.

In lumber circles the unsolved question has been why a lumber trust was not formed along the lines of other big industrial corporations. In an in-



THOMAS B. WALKER. (Timber King Who is Strongly Opposed to a Lumber Trust.)

terview Mr. Walker gave the answer, for the first time publicly. He said: "As long as I live there will never be a timber trust if I can prevent it. I have been approached repeatedly to head a combination that would control practically all the lumber supply of the United States and Canada. I have as often positively refused to even consider the proposition."

Mr. Walker is the largest individual owner of timber beyond question. When asked about his five sons and their association with his enterprises, a great pride shone in his eyes. "Yes, the boys run the business now. As they returned home from school they entered into my business with me, and to-day they understand it so thoroughly that I really believe I am no longer necessary to its continued success."

Each son manages departments that in themselves singly constitute big business enterprises such as many millions men would view with envy.

Fletcher L. has entire management of the great Minnesota timber tracts and lumber mills.

Clinton has absolute charge of the California timber tract. Very little development work has been done there yet, and a herculean task confronts him.

Gilbert M. spent many years on Minnesota timber tracts and finally assisted his father in an advantageous sale to a competing concern.

William J. conducts his father's personal affairs and manages the finances. Archie Dean manages the Walker real estate interests. Millions of dollars are invested in Minneapolis real estate. Archie had no fixed home until at six he was allowed to choose it for himself.

"Here is my favorite corner," he said, as he passed through his library, indicating a case in which the volumes were more worn than the rest.

"What is the general theme?" "Sociology. I love the study of political, religious and industrial problems of the world over. I can never tell which affords me the greatest pleasure and interest—these old volumes or my lectures."

Mr. Walker opened his great gallery to the public several years ago. There were no closed days and no admission was charged. Even catalogues were free for visitors free.

His home, built years ago, is simple and comparatively small. Its surroundings are dearer to him than a solid palace. Many comfortable chairs are placed in the edge of the lawn, and here the people are welcomed to come and sit beneath the shade. While his charitable and philanthropic work is done quietly it is extensive and he is the main supporter of certain institutions in his city.

STATUE TO ENSIGN BAGLEY.

Memorial to Young Naval Lieutenant Erected by North Carolina.

Raleigh, N. C.—North Carolina now has raised two monuments to her soldier dead in the brief war with Spain. The first was to Lieut. William E. Shipp, of the Ninth cavalry, who was shot and instantly killed by a Mauser bullet at the storming of San Juan hill, in Cuba.

A few days ago the state erected another memorial to an officer who happened by Fate's decree to be the



Ensign Bagley Monument.

only one of the naval branch of the service to meet death in that war. This was Ensign Worth Bagley, to whom death came in the Bay of Cardenas, Cuba. The monument to Shipp is at Charlotte. That to Bagley adorns the Capitol square at Raleigh, his native city.

Ensign Bagley was born in Raleigh, April 7, 1874, his father, who had been a major in the confederate service, being at that time grand master of the North Carolina Odd Fellows. His mother was a granddaughter of Gov. Jonathan Worth. On both sides the families are thoroughly representative, and have so been from the colonial days. On June 30, 1889, he was appointed to the United States Naval academy after a competitive examination. He was made an ensign July 1, 1897. He served on the cruiser Montgomery, on the battleship Texas and then on the Maine.

When Lieut. Bernadu took command of the torpedo boat Winslow he chose Bagley as his lieutenant, the latter having been recommended by many officers for fitness. He began his duties on the Winslow December 28, 1897.

O'BRIEN TO BE TRANSFERRED. Minister to Denmark Will Succeed Ambassador Wright.

Washington.—The state department has formally announced that Thomas J. O'Brien of Grand Rapids, Mich., United States minister to Copenhagen, will become ambassador to Japan in September, on the retirement of Luke



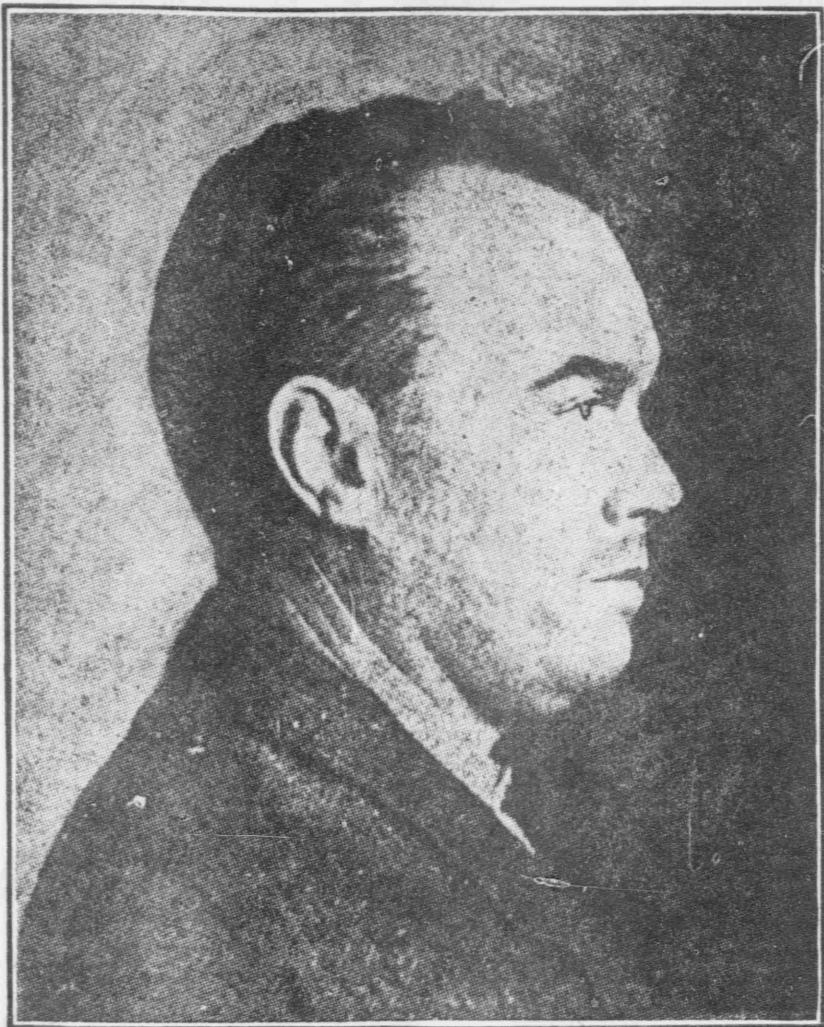
THOMAS J. O'BRIEN. (Minister to Denmark Raised to Japanese Post.)

E. Wright of Tennessee, who has given notice to the department that he wishes to leave the service at that time.

Mr. O'Brien is 65 years old and a native of Jackson, Mich. At one time he had the reputation of being the ablest lawyer in Michigan, outside of Detroit. For years he was chief counsel of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad, and a director in the road as well. He was never a candidate for office except in 1883, when he was nominated for supreme court justice and went down to defeat with the whole Republican ticket in the landslide of that year. He led his ticket, however, with a handsome vote. He was a delegate to the national convention of 1896 that nominated McKinley and was a member of the committee that officially notified McKinley of his nomination.

Exporting Cats. The export returns of the board of trade for the current period will contain a notable addition serving to still further demonstrate the cosmopolitan character of England's free trade. It refers to a shipment of 100 cats to India, which a shipping office in the city was asked to arrange the other day. The reason given for the novel consignment is that one of the plague districts is overrun with rats and the cats are wanted to effect the necessary slaughter.—London Tribune.

Harry Orchard.



This is the man who confessed to the outrage by which ex-Governor Stuenberg of Idaho met his death. It was as a result of his confession that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, the officials of the Western Miners' Federation, were arrested charged with conspiracy in connection with the murder. Haywood is now on trial.

TOWN NEEDS SPENDER

REVENUE OF SHAWNEE, OHIO, SWAMPS ITS TRUSTEES.

Has More Money Than It Knows What to Do With—Fine Opera House Built and Cathedral May Now Be Erected.

Lima, O.—What Shawnee township, Allen county, needs more than anything else just now is a real live Brewster or some one else who can teach it new ways to spend its money. Shawnee township has more money than it knows what to do with, and now that it has built a gorgeous opera house, which it hasn't the least use for, it is facing the prospect of being swamped under the flood of revenue which it cannot stop and cannot use.

The trustees of Shawnee township have done all they can, even to building the opera house, a magnificent architectural monument to too much prosperity, which was dedicated recently, and now they are in despair. Shawnee township has everything that the most fastidious community could desire, because it has had so much money the trustees simply have had to keep on doing things all the time. The township's streets are paved with expensive brick, its roads are of the finest macadam, the drainage system is a work of art; it has more handsome public buildings than there are officials, and the children in its schools sit at polished mahogany desks and write with silver mounted pencils.

With everything that the trustees have been able to think of done, even to the opera house which nobody wanted, and which was built just to keep the revenue from piling up, there is still bushels of money in Shawnee township's treasury.

To use up some of this there is talk now of building a grand cathedral, something like that at Cologne, the trustees say, but a little better.

The Standard Oil company has enormous storage tanks, refineries, and car works in Shawnee township. These represent millions of dollars and are properly taxed by the little township. That is why it is wallowing in wealth and crying for help.

ROBBERY LEADS TO WEALTH. Prospector Thrown Over Cliff Finds Signs of Gold at Bottom.

Sturgis, S. D.—Arthur Brewer, a young man who came into the Black Hills eight or ten years ago, is in a fair way to become rich as the result of an attempt made to murder him. Recently it has come to light that Brewer was on his way from his home up in the hills west of here to White-wood with several hundred dollars which he intended to deposit in the bank, when he was held up by two masked men heavily armed.

The bandits stepped out in front of Brewer at a lonely spot in the hills and commanded him to throw up his hands. Instead of throwing up his hands Brewer pulled his own revolver and opened fire on the robbers. They returned the fire and Brewer was wounded in the left arm.

The bandits finally overpowered Brewer, took all his money from him and then threw him over a perpendicular cliff down into a canyon with murderous intent. Brewer was rendered unconscious by the fall, but his injuries were not serious and he was soon able to pick himself up and look around.

His practiced eye quickly discovered signs of gold in the canyon and the next day he set diligently to work, with the result that he now has a lead for which he has already been offered several thousand dollars and which bids fair to make him a rich man.

GROOM TOOK TIME TO SHAVE.

Former Lover Came While Sweetheart Was Waiting and They Elopeed.

Cleveland, O.—Because he was compelled to leave his intended bride to get a shave Sherman Tweedy of the west side lost the girl on whose finger he had placed a diamond ring.

His fiancée, Miss Blanche Dewey, whose sudden disappearance caused widespread alarm and brought her father to the verge of insanity over her safety, wrote to her father from Buffalo and stated that she had become the wife of Claude McRowe.

"Please forgive me, mother," she wrote, "as I could not help running away. I have married the man of my choice and we are coming home to see you in about three weeks."

Tweedy, the forsaken lover, called at the Dewey home and when apprised of the news was overcome. When he could control himself he stated that this was the second time a girl to whom he had given a diamond ring in promise of marriage had run away and left him.

Miss Dewey disappeared a few nights ago. It all happened because Tweedy needed a shave and told the girl to wait on Superior avenue.

She walked to the public square, where she met McRowe, whom she had not seen in five years.

After a moment's chat they decided to get married and went to the Union station and took a train for Buffalo, where they were married. It developed McRowe five years ago was engaged to wed Miss Dewey, but she jilted him and he disappeared.

DOG HER ONLY FRIEND.

Woman Pleads for Death When Animal is Slain.

Kansas City, Mo.—"No, no, no, officer, you must not kill my dog. Poor little Nero, he is the only real friend I have on earth. If you must kill Nero, you must shoot me, too."

Thus pleaded Mrs. Mary Kaufman of Kansas City, Kan., with Patrolman Robert McGibbon, who had been detailed to kill Mrs. Kaufman's pet dog under directions of the board of health. Two fully developed cases of smallpox have been taken out of the Kaufman home within the past week.

Nero being a house dog was constantly with the two patients until they were removed to the pesthouse, and the authorities decided that it would be unsafe to permit the dog to live for fear that it might be the cause of spreading the contagion.

When Officer McGibbon told Mrs. Kaufman that the fate of her pet dog had been decreed and that he would have to carry out the instructions given him she burst into tears. In the presence of the weeping woman the officer drew his revolver, and directly thereafter Nero was no more. Mrs. Kaufman became all but hysterical and repeatedly requested Patrolman McGibbon to shoot her. She was finally led away by City Fumigator Skinner.

Child Has Two Mothers.

Paris.—An amusing story comes from Quimper, in Brittany, where the wife of a man named Le Saux last week gave birth to a boy. The father took the child and sold it for \$40 to the wife of a local butcher, Mme. Bonan. The woman presented it to her husband as her own newly born infant and Bonan hastened to register the child's birth.

Le Saux, fearing that he might get into trouble with the police, next consulted the butcher, whom he supposed to be a party to the fraud. The duped husband threw Le Saux out of the house. The latter then registered the birth of his own child. In the eye of the law, therefore, the infant has claims on two separate families and enjoys the unique distinction of being the son of two mothers.

RAN THE FIRST ENGINE

ENGINEER OF FAMOUS "ROCKET" IS STILL ALIVE.

Edward Entwistle, of Des Moines, Ia., Has Unique Claim to Distinction—Recalls Building of Locomotive and Trial Trip.

St. Louis.—The engineer who ran the famous Rocket of George Stephenson, the first passenger locomotive to draw a passenger train in the world, is still alive, in good health, and celebrated his ninety-second birthday a few weeks ago at his home in Des Moines, Ia. Edward Entwistle is the name of the man who has this unique claim to distinction.

Entwistle was a lad not 16 years of age when Stephenson completed his plans, secured a charter for the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, laid his track and was ready to run the train. Entwistle was recommended to Stephenson by no less a personage than the duke of Bridgewater, whose steward informed his highness that Entwistle was the best mechanic in the shops.

Mr. Entwistle, in his humble home, delights to live over the old days and tell the story of the preparations and the trial trip, the events of which are fresh in his mind from frequent iteration. His story is told in this manner:

"I was born at Tilsey's Bank, Lancashire, England, March 24, 1815. When less than 15 years old I was apprenticed for seven years to the trade of mechanical engineering in the



The "Rocket."

large works of George Stephenson and his son Robert, at Newcastle.

"In 1825 the Liverpool & Manchester Railway company began building a railroad across Chat Moss, an immense bog between the two cities. Steam carriages had been in use for some time carrying light merchandise at slow speed over the ordinary roads. The Stephensons believed the engines could be made to run on iron rails at high speed. The directors of the railway company were decidedly skeptical, but finally decided to offer a prize of \$2,500 for an engine, conditioned that if of six tons' weight it must consume its own smoke, draw, day by day, 20 tons weight, including its own water tank and tender, at ten miles per hour, with a steam pressure not exceeding 50 pounds per square inch, and must be delivered at the Liverpool end of the road before Oct. 1, 1829, the price not to exceed \$2,750.

"My employers, the Stephensons, decided to compete for the prize, notwithstanding the opinion of the leading engineers of the country that not only a high speed engine, but the building of the road, would be a failure. The elder Stephenson contracted to construct the railroad across the bog, a huge undertaking.

"The locomotive was constructed in the shops where I was employed, I being engaged for some weeks on various parts of its mechanism and assisting in putting it together at the last. I was then but a mere lad, but had good mechanical ingenuity and understood machinery thoroughly, having a special knack and fancy for it.

"When our locomotive was completed it was named the Rocket, was given a trial trip, and won the prize against three competitors, settling the question for all time whether horse traction or steam traction was to be used on railroads.

"By the skill and inventive genius of George and Robert Stephenson that first engine took on the form in all essentials maintained in the great engines drawing transcontinental flyers to-day.

"After the trial trip the Rocket was put in service hauling material for construction of the road. The gauge was four feet eight and one-half inches, or that of the regular wagon road, Stephenson intending that if his locomotive failed on iron rails to run it on dirt roads. It is a singular fact that the gauge of the Rocket has been the standard gauge of railroads all over the world. Other widths have been tried, but abandoned.

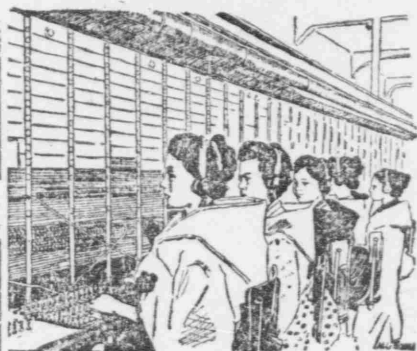
"When the railroad was completed, Sept. 13, 1830, was set for the date of the trial trip drawing passenger cars. The train consisted of two double-decked carriages, each seating 18 persons—nine on the upper deck and nine below. The weight of the train was not quite ten tons. The average speed was 14 miles an hour, although at times we got as high as 29 miles an hour."

Mr. Entwistle has not seen the Rocket since it was exhibited at Philadelphia, and greatly regrets that he was unable to go to St. Louis two summers ago and see his pet once more before he dies.

"HELLO" GIRLS OF MANILA.

The Work Attracts Members of Aristocratic Filipino Families.

Manila.—Manila telephone subscribers feel that, though living in what the average American believes to be a semi-barbarous land, the rest of the world has no "edge" on them in being served by comely maidens as "hello girls." The Filipino telephone operator comes from the best families of her land, and takes her work more seriously than her fair-skinned sister of the accident. She has her servant, who is also her chaperon, to accompany her to the office, carrying her lunch, and who calls to chaperon her back to the security of her home when



A "Central" Office in Manila.

the gong rings on her day's work. The Spanish custom of never permitting an unmarried woman above the age of 12 years to leave the portals of her casa unaccompanied, still prevails with both Spaniards and Filipinos of the better class, and their employment as telephone operators permit no relaxation of the watchful care.

The fact that the field of labor, aside from domestic service, for the Filipino girl is so limited, makes employment in this line especially desirable and much sought after by the daughters of the well-to-do Filipinos. Hence, to be a "hello girl" in the Philippines is an honor carrying with it prestige and enters into the best society.

To serve as "central" in Manila, a girl must speak and understand English, Spanish and Tagalog, and some of them possess a "working" knowledge of Chinese, Japanese and other oriental tongues.

The chief operator—an American woman—of the recently established Manila line states that the Filipino girls employed as operators are very apt and intelligent and are rapidly developing a most satisfactory service. They receive, as beginners, a salary of 20 pesos (\$10) per month, which is increased to twice that amount on their becoming proficient.

As the word "hurry" is an unknown one in the far east, so likewise it is often necessary for an impatient subscriber to curb his temper when telephoning. But the tones of the dulcet-voiced operator, "Dhe lyne es beesee, senor," soothes his soul to patience.

NEW HEAD FOR PATENT OFFICE.

Grit Makes Edward B. Moore of Michigan Commissioner.

Washington.—Edward B. Moore of Michigan has been appointed by the president to succeed Frederick I. Allen as commissioner patents. Mr. Moore, who is the present assistant commissioner, won his appointment



EDWARD B. MOORE. (Recently Appointed Commissioner of Patents.)

through pure grit. Moore came to Washington when a boy to visit his brother, who was secretary of the Spanish claims commission. While playing ball on a scrub team, a senate page told him he had resigned his place. Young Moore immediately hustled down to the senate chamber, and tackled Senator Morrill of Maine for the job. In 1876 President Grant appointed him inspector of internal revenue, and he had a lot to do with the expose of the whisky frauds. After that he was appointed to a position in the patent office, and in 1900 was sent to the Paris exposition. While absent he was made assistant commissioner by President McKinley, and reappointed by President Roosevelt.

Mysterious Sounds in a Church.

Strange sounds have been heard coming from various parts of St. James' church, Exeter, for a considerable time past, and efforts to solve the mystery have been fruitless. At times the sounds are like the chanting of psalms and the practicing of the scales. They are usually noticed before the morning and evening services.

The officials of the church admitted the other day that they have been heard for the past two or three years.—London Daily Mail.